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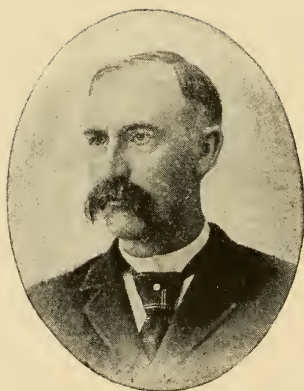












*Lucius P. Hills.*

# ECHOES

BY

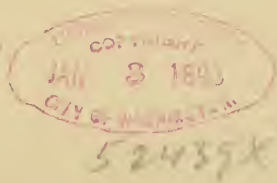
LUCIUS PERRY HILLS.



*AUTOGRAPH EDITION.*

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BY

LUCIUS P. HILLS.

## AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THIS little collection of verse is not published in response to a general demand, or in fact, to any demand whatever, but simply to gratify a whim of the author.

Thoughts awakened by the experiences of a somewhat eventful career, having sung themselves into rhyme, have found lodgings among the mental faculties, where they have clung with such tenacity that I have been enabled to put the volume in type myself, depending for copy entirely upon memory.

Being a complete novice in this department of labor, the work will no doubt present a very amateurish appearance; but, having mounted a hobby at the beginning, I have ridden it as best I could to the end of the race, and if the result but brings a moments pleasure to either friend or stranger, it will more than realize the wildest hopes of

THE AUTHOR.



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ECHOES OF SENTIMENT.



THOUGHTS are but echoes of the heart's  
emotion,  
Whose varying tides forever ebb and flow ;  
While calms and storms upon life's troubled ocean,  
Bring to each soul its happiness and woe.

*LIFE'S TANGLED THREADS.*

A WOMAN sits the livelong day,  
By a swiftly turning wheel,  
While through each hand, a single thread  
Is running from a reel ;  
And as the wheel turns round and round,  
In its unvaried track,  
The threads are twisted in a cord  
Of mingled gold and black.

A fickle Goddess sits supreme,  
Upon her throne of state,  
While joy and sorrow through her hands,  
Pass like two threads of fate ;  
And as the wheel of destiny  
Turns out life's cord, behold,  
From end to end the fiber runs  
Of mingled black and gold.

Hope is the thread of shining gold,  
The sable, dark despair,  
And not a soul exists, but both  
Are strangely blended there;  
Yet, when the tangled cord of life  
By death's cold hand is riven,  
Faith, like a silver thread of light,  
Still reaches up to Heaven.

*MAID OF MY DREAMS.*

O MAID of my dreams! With your beauty so  
rare,  
Your laughing brown eyes, and your soft flow-  
ing hair;  
For me, I well know you have never a care,  
Yet my soul goes seeking Thee everywhere.

O Maid of my dreams! In the first morning hour,  
When the white lilies bend to the kiss of the  
shower;  
My glad soul would hie to thy beautiful bower,  
As the honey-bee flies to the opening flower.

O Maid of my dreams ! At the day's weary close,  
When evening o'er nature her cool shadow  
throws,  
My soul's fond caresses would haunt thy repose,  
As the dew-drop goes kissing the blush of the  
rose.

O Maid of my dreams ! When all the world seems  
Aglow with the sheen of the moon's silver beams,  
And heaven's blue dome with the bright starlight  
gleams,  
My soul shall still seek Thee, O Maid of my  
dreams.

O Maid of my dreams ! If my soul in its quest,  
Should ever discover thy haven of rest,  
Fly back with it here like a bird to its nest,  
And make Thee a home on thy true-lover's  
breast.

*GRIEF AND FAITH.*

TWO little hands, so cold and white,  
Folded across the pulseless breast ;  
Two little feet, so still to-night,  
Lie side by side, in moveless rest.

Two lips, that only yesterday,  
Made childish music through the hall ;  
Are now but silent, breathless clay,  
And give no answer to our call.

Two loving eyes, so softly brown,  
That never more shall laugh or weep ;  
Have drawn their snowy curtains down,  
And closed in endless, dreamless sleep.

Grief gazes on the pall and cries :  
“Alas ! ’tis more than I can bear,”  
But Faith looks upward to the skies,  
And sees a shining angel there.

*ON CHRISTIAN HILL.*

'TWAS Sabbath morn , the sun shone bright'  
And sacred quiet reigned around,  
While bands of worshipers obeyed  
The tolling church-bell's solemn sound ;  
As, idly strolling through the town,  
I crossed the river, passed the mill,  
And wandering aimlessly along,  
I reached the foot of Christian Hill.

As up the slope I slowly strayed,  
I met a maiden, wondrous bright,  
In whose dark eyes the sunbeams played  
With ever shifting, changing light ;  
With face and form of perfect mold,  
Displaying nature's utmost skill ;  
A flower of rarest beauty, formed  
To deck the brow of Christian Hill.

Often in poem or romance  
I've read of maids divinely fair,  
With eyes whose hue was heaven's own blue,  
And sunlit waves of golden hair ;  
Of these let poets madly rave,  
And sing their praises as they will,  
*I'll* ne'er forget the dark brunette,  
Whom first I met on Christian Hill.

No poet's pen could e'er describe  
The nameless magic of her grace,  
No artist's pencil could portray  
The charms that centered in her face ;  
Her smile was bright as morning light,  
Its witching beauty haunts me still,  
And bids me ever bless the fate  
That led my feet toward Christian Hill.

In happy visions of the night  
Her radiant face I often see,  
And with the morning's breaking light  
Her image still revisits me ;

Or, when meandering through the town,  
    With what wild joy my pulses thrill,  
If on the street I chance to meet  
    That dark-eyed girl of Christian Hill.

I know not what strange power it is  
    Which thus my wayward heart can move,  
'Tis surely more than friendship's spell,  
    And yet, I dare not name it love ;  
But this I know, where'er I go  
    No other love my soul can fill,  
Since I have seen fair beauty's queen,  
    Who sits enthroned on Christian Hill.

But time is passing swiftly by,  
    And these bright days will soon be o'er,  
When I shall leave these happy scenes,  
    Perchance to visit them no more ;  
But when in distant lands I roam,  
    Life's sterner duties to fulfill,  
Fond memory will revisit oft ,  
    One little cot on Christian Hill.

Fair girl, where'er my path shall lead,  
While life remains, thou hast a friend,  
And e'en upon my dying bed  
One prayer for thee shall still ascend;  
And when above my grave, shall sing  
The nightingale and whip-poor-will,  
My lingering spirit still shall haunt  
Thy sacred home on Christian Hill.

*A WISH FOR YOU.*

SWEET as the songs which the robins sing,  
Pure as the flow of a crystal spring,  
Deep as the depths of a mother's love,  
True as your faith in the God above;  
With a harvest of smiles and a famine of tears,  
Through all the course of the coming years;  
So sweet, so pure, so deep, so true,  
Be the joy Fate holds in store for you.

*I DARE NOT WISH HER BACK.*

I STOOD and looked upon her sweet, dead face,  
In its cold, marble beauty lying there,  
Paler than the fresh white flowers, which lay  
Like drifted snow-flakes on her clustering hair ;  
The fountain of my tears was frozen o'er,  
My heart was breaking with a speechless pain ;  
Yet, in the darkness of my deep despair,  
I dared not wish my darling back again.

She was so young, so beautiful and pure,  
And sorrowing age might deem her doubly blest,  
That, ere she wearied of life's toil, death came  
And kissed her eyelids down to perfect rest ;  
Her soul, secure among the angels now,  
Can never know the curse of sin's dark stain,  
So, while my aching heart still mourns its loss,  
I cannot wish my darling back again.

Of in the silent watches of the night,  
I lift my face to the blue dome above,  
And deem the stars are but her angel eyes,  
Bending upon me with undying love;  
And if their steadfast light my feet shall guide,  
While in life's wilderness I still remain,  
When death shall set my fettered spirit free,  
My soul shall have its darling back again.

*THE SISTER'S DREAM.*

ONE dark and stormy night I had a dream ;  
I thought I stood upon the ocean's shore,  
Heard the deep thunder, saw the lightning gleam,  
And listened to the loud, unceasing roar  
Of the wild waters, as they fiercely beat  
Against the rugged coast beneath my feet.

And standing there upon the rocky steep,  
Watching the towering billows madly rise,  
I heard above the tumult of the deep  
The sudden sound of agonizing cries ;  
A chorus of wild shrieks, that rent the air  
Like the last wail of mortals in despair.

With straining eyes I gazed into the dark,  
Across the water, whence the sound was borne,  
And saw upon the wave a foundered bark,

With broken masts and rigging rudely torn,  
Tossed like a bubble on the raging flood,  
And bearing swiftly down to where I stood.

Nearer, still nearer came the fated wreck,  
Driven onward by the fury of the storm,  
And, closely clinging to the wave-washed deck,

A vivid flash revealed the stalwart form  
Of one who had withstood the rushing tide  
That swept his struggling comrades from his side.

A moment passed, and then a mighty wave  
Broke o'er the vessel with resistless power;  
All hope was gone, no earthly aid could save  
That lonely mariner in that dark hour—  
It tore him from the deck, the vessel sank and he  
Was left alone to buffet with the sea.

I saw a well-known visage, gastly pale,  
Lifted a moment on the rising swell—  
And heard a well-known voice above the gale  
Cry: "*Sister, I am drowning; fare thee well!*"  
The struggle ceased, and in the angry wave,  
He with his comrades found a watery grave.

The vision ended, I awoke at last,  
And knew 'twas nothing but a frightful dream,  
Yet, though that stormy night is long since past,  
Whene'er I listen to the wild wind's scream,  
That cry still haunts me like some fearful knell,  
*"My sister, I am drowning; fare thee well!"*

*THE SEA-SHELL'S WHISPER.*

THE NORTH WIND, shivering with a  
chill,

Flew southward toward the Summer Land,  
And passing o'er the ocean's shore,  
He spied a sea-shell on the strand.

Between the sea-shell's pink-white lips  
The shivering North Wind slowly crept,  
And close within its polished heart,  
Benumbed with cold he lay and slept.

The South Wind, parched with burning heat,  
Flew panting, toward the cold North Land,  
And wandering near the ocean, saw  
That self-same sea-shell on the sand.

The pale-pink lips, wet with the spray,  
    Invited her with promise fair,  
And creeping in, close to its heart,  
    She found the North Wind sleeping there

She stooped, and on the sleeper's lips  
    She coyly pressed a soft, warm kiss,  
And thrilling to its magic touch,  
    The North Wind woke to love and bliss.

He gently wooed the willing maid,  
    And there anon the pair were wed,  
And close within the sea-shell's heart,  
    That night they made their bridal bed.

They slept until the rosy east  
    Blushed with the morning's first caress,  
Then parting with a last embrace,  
    They wandered forth the world to bless.

The North Wind swiftly flew to fan  
    The fevered south with cooling breath;  
The South Wind kissed the frozen seas,  
    And woke them from their icy death.

But ever since, as o'er the earth  
The North and South Winds gaily rove ;  
The murmering sea-shell echoes still,  
Their first fond whisperings of love.

*REJECTED.*

HE took her hand and looked into her eyes,  
Those calm, pure eyes, holding his destiny;  
He sought to read them as the sailor tries  
To read the stars that guide him o'er the sea;  
Alas! how blind is love! Hope smiling there,  
Hid from his view the specter of despair.

He whispered all his faltering voice could say;  
He told her of the love that thrilled his soul,  
He saw her turn her misty eyes away,  
And felt the warm hand slip from his control,  
A sad sigh fluttered to her lips and fell  
Upon the silence like a funeral knell.

She had no need for speech—the tearful eye's  
Avoidance and the trembling hand's recall,  
The red lips, quivering with a sad surprise  
As the regretful sigh escaped—in all,  
Fond Hope but heard and saw resistless doom,  
Folded her wings and crept into the tomb.

*UNITED.*

'TWAS midnight, and I sat alone within  
A room whose solemn darkness was broken  
Only by the golden gleams of light, shot  
From the winking stars.

Around me all the  
World was hushed in slumber, while the breeze that  
Crept between the shutters gently fanned my  
Brow until the wheels of thought began to  
Move more lazily, and anon my soul  
Was wafted to the border land that skirts  
The realm of deep unconsciousness. And so,  
Half sleeping and half waking, there appeared  
To me the vision which I here record.

I saw a beauteous maiden stand beside  
A man of stalwart form and noble mein ;  
And standing there, amid a circle of  
Fond friends, these two were joined together ; not

With chains that galled and fretted as the years  
Rolled by, but with silken cords and golden  
Bands, that sat more lightly on them as their  
Mutual love drew them still closer to each  
Other.

Then hand in hand I saw them start  
Upon a journey down a winding way  
Thick' strewn with flowers, while overhead the  
Sky was bright, as with the mellow light of  
Early morning.

The friendly band bade  
Them God-speed upon their way, as thus they  
Journeyed on, each loving and beloved; and  
If sometimes their path was rough and broken  
For a little space, they stumbled not nor  
Fell, because their feet kept step unto the  
Music of their loving hearts.

Sometimes the  
Sky was darkened by a cloud, but soon its  
Ragged edges wore a golden fringe, and  
When it broke and scattered, the blue beyond  
Appeared more glorious because the cloud  
Had, for a moment, hid it from their view.

So, with joyful hearts and faces bright with  
Smiles, they traveled on together many  
Years, and when at last they reached the journey's  
End, the pearly gates of Paradise stood  
Open wide to welcome them to rest; but,  
Pausing for a moment ere they entered  
In, one lingering glance they cast along  
The way which they had come, and seeing all,  
They nothing saw to cause them one regret.

*MARRIED LOVERS.*

COME darling to-night, and sit by my side,  
Just in the old sweet way ;  
As we often sat ere you were a bride,  
Just in the old sweet way ;  
On the rustic seat, 'neath the arching vine,  
Where honeysuckle and roses twine,  
While your eyes divine look into mine,  
Just in the old sweet way.

I'll whisper low in your listening ear,  
Just in the old sweet way ;  
The endearing words you so loved to hear,  
Just in the old sweet way ;  
And as through the leaves the moonlight drips,  
While the drooping lids your eyes eclipse,  
I'll press my lips to your finger tips,  
Just in the old sweet way.

We'll smile at the scoffs of each envious tongue,  
Just in the old sweet way ;  
And grow calmly old as our souls grow young,  
Just in the old sweet way ;  
As together we climb life's rugged hill,  
The old romance shall our beings thrill,  
For, ever we will be true-lovers still,  
Just in the old sweet way.

*GOD BLESS OUR HOME.*

GOD bless our home ! how oft to Heaven,  
From pleading lips, that prayer is sent ;  
While those who ask for heaven's smile  
Curse their own homes with discontent.

God bless our home ! the husband prayed ;  
Then, when his business day was done,  
He hied him streightway to the club,  
And there remained till nearly one.

God bless our home ! from cushioned pew  
A fair young bride the words let fall ;  
The following night, with dashing swells,  
She flirted at the fancy ball.

God bless our home ! the young man said,  
But well his widowed mother knew  
That, while she sat alone that night,  
He practiced with his billiard cue.

God bless our home ! with soft white hands  
A maiden wrought the motto fair,  
Then fumed and fretted all day long  
Because she'd no new hat to wear.

Alas ! how oft, if Heaven should send  
Immediate answer to our prayer ;  
The blessing, when it sought our home,  
Would fail to find the suppliant there.

'Tis well, perchance, to seek Heaven's aid  
But while you toil for fame or pelf,  
'Twere better in your leisure hours,  
To try and bless the home yourself.

*LENORE.*

O BEAUTIFUL EYES, as blue as the skies,  
And bright as the stars that sprinkle the night ;  
Each soft, melting glance sets my soul in a trance,  
And touches each nerve with a thrill of delight.

Light tresses of brown, as soft as the down  
Of the thistle, that floats on the midsummer air ;  
How I envy the breeze, that with impudent ease,  
Caresses, and kisses her beautiful hair.

O beautiful lips, as sweet as the tips  
Of rose buds just touched by the dew from above ;  
What rapture awaits, at those bright coral gates,  
For the mortal who captures their first kiss of love.

O loveliness rare, of eyes, lips and hair,  
With graces of heart which the angels adore ;  
No blossom that grows, whether lily or rose,  
Can compare with the beautiful, darling Lenore.

*A RHAPSODY.*

I WAS sitting in the gloaming,  
With my truent fancy roaming  
Through the castles I had builded in the air ;  
I was feasting on the graces  
Of the rare and fairy faces  
Of the many dazzling beauties gathered there ;  
And I lavished fond caresses,  
On the soft and silken tresses  
Of both facinating blond and gay brunette,  
Not a soul my right disputed,  
When my blissful kiss saluted  
The blushing cheek of each fair maiden as we met.

But a footstep gently falling,  
And a sweet voice softly calling,  
Scattered all my dreamy fancies far and wide ;  
I arose like one affrighted,  
When my glad eye was delighted  
By the vision of my sweetheart at my side :

Her bright eyes were like the morning,  
And the smile her face adorning,  
Made her radiant beauty seem almost divine ;  
And a thrill of joy went through me,  
As I bent, and gently to me,  
Drew my darling till her loving lips met mine.

O, your lips may know the blisses,  
Of a thousand friendly kisses,  
On the cheek of lovely maidens dark and fair ;  
And your hands may feel the blessing  
Of the oft and soft caressing,  
On silken curls of gold or raven hair ;  
But the one supreme emotion,  
Which stirs all the soul's devotion,  
And rivals e'en the joy of heaven above ;  
Is the sweet, ecstatic rapture,  
Which fills and thrills you at the capture  
Of the first kiss from the red warm lips of love.

### *AUTUMN GLORIES.*

I LOVE the grand forest, 'tis nature's cathedral,  
And the spirit of worship dwells peacefully  
there ;

The chorus of birds sing their anthem of praises,  
While each whispering zephyr seems breathing  
a prayer ;

But I love best to wander amid its deep shadows,  
When the summer is gone and the year's grow-  
ing old,

And the glorious arches above me are frescoed  
In colors of purple, and crimson and gold.

But, while the bright hues of the sweetgum and  
maple,

The oak and the beech, in their beauty combine,  
The eye loves to catch an occasional glimps of  
The evergreen freshness of hemlock and pine ;

For the soul feels a thrill of still deeper devotion,  
To see, when the bleak winds of autumn blow  
cold,

The emerald tints of the spring-time, still blended  
With autumn's rich purple, and crimson and  
gold,

And so in our lives, if the spirit is nourished  
With the soft dews of love, and the sunshine of  
truth,

When our powers are failing, our heart's best  
emotions

Shall blossom and grow in perpetual youth ;  
So when the chill frost of old age falls upon us,  
And the warm cheering days of life's summer  
are told,

In our souls, the bright verdure of childhood shall  
mingle

With the glory of purple, and crimson and gold.

*A CURL OF GOLDEN HAIR.*

SITTING by my study table,  
In the twilight cold and gray,  
Toying with an ancient volume  
That had long been laid away;  
From between the covers fluttered,  
Fell, and lay before me there,  
A little bunch of violets, fastened  
With a curl of golden hair.

In a moment all my fancies  
Of the future backward roll,  
While memories of other days  
Come sweeping in upon my soul,  
Days when I, a youth of twenty,  
Free from every thought of care,  
Fondly loved the blue-eyed maid, who  
Wore that curl of golden hair.

I think of that bright summer eve  
    When, sitting 'neath the arching vine,  
The little hand that plucked those flowers  
    Lay so lovingly in mine,  
While we builded airy castles  
    Which we might together share,  
When the bridal wreath should twine  
    Among those curls of golden hair.

And, when at last that night I left her,  
    At her father's cottage door,  
Little dreaming I should see her  
    Lovely form in life no more,  
Long I stood and gazed enraptured  
    At the dimpled face so fair,  
Then stooping, kissed the soft white brow,  
    Beneath its crown of golden hair.

---

Ere long I stood beside a casket,  
    In a silent, darkened room,  
And my poor, despairing soul was  
    Wrapped in deepest midnight gloom,

For I looked upon my darling,  
Lying cold and lifeless there,  
A wreath of snow-white lilies, mingled  
With her wealth of golden hair.

---

Long weary years have passed since then,  
And I have roamed the wide world o'er—  
Have stood upon the mountain peak,  
And on the ocean's stormy shore ;  
Yet, through all of life's emotions,  
In hope and joy, or doubt and care,  
The link that binds my soul to Heaven,  
Is that bright curl of golden hair.

*MY ANGEL BRIDE.*

A LONE by the firelight's fitful gleam  
I sit in my easy chair,  
And watch in the flames the by-gone scenes  
Which my fancy pictures there ;  
And as swiftly by on memory's wings  
The pictured fancies glide,  
I catch the trace of a beautiful face,  
The face of my angel bride.

Our lives were joined by no priestly words,  
No bridal wreath had she,  
For all to soon did the angel come  
And bear her away from me ;  
But I know while eternity's ages roll,  
She is mine, whatever betide,  
For our souls were wed, ere the spirit fled  
From the form of my angel bride.

My soul has no space for a living love,  
For 'tis filled with the love of the dead  
A love that is purer than many a love  
Where the priestly words are said ;  
So, as still alone on the river of life,  
I float with the drifting tide,  
I'll place each day, a fresh boquet  
On the grave of my angel bride.

*WHEN I DIT DROWED.*

I'm only des' a 'ittle boy,  
Not more'n 'bout free years old;  
An' sometimes when I'm naughty, zen  
My mamma she 'ill stold;  
But I dess I'll do ze bestest sings  
Anybody ever knowed,  
For I'm doin' to be ze doodest man,  
When I dit drowed.

My dreat bid sister's dot a beau,  
'At tomes here all ze time,  
An' when I do into ze room,  
He des' dives me a dime,  
An' says I 'ook so s'eeepy 'at  
He dess it's time I doed,  
But I'm doin to tourt some dirl myse'f,  
When I dit drowed.

My auntie's dot a baby boy,  
No bidder 'an a doll,  
He's dot ze funniest 'ittle eyes,  
An' mos' no nose a-tall,  
But his papa says ze baby is  
A tunnin' 'ittle toad,  
An' I'm doin to buy one des' like him,  
When I dit drowed.

When I dit to be a dreat bid man,  
I won't be so mean, I dess,  
As to tall a 'ittle boy a dirl,  
Des' 'tause he wears a dress;  
But I'll dit some waddins full of toys,  
An' dive everyone a load,  
'Tause I'm doin' to be a Santa Tlaus,  
When I dit drowed.

*MOTHER'S BOY.*

TWO little feet that patter, patter  
On the noisy floor,  
Two little hands that scatter, scatter  
Toys the household o'er;  
Two rosy lips that prattle, prattle  
With a childish joy,  
While the playthings rattle, rattle,  
That is mother's boy.

Two half-shut eyes that twinkle, twinkle  
With a tender love,  
Like the stars that sprinkle, sprinkle  
Heaven's blue dome above;  
Two weary eyelids closing, closing  
Softly down to rest,  
Mother's boy is dozing, dozing  
On his mother's breast.

Mother's boy is sleeping, sleeping  
On his downy bed,  
Angel eyes are keeping, keeping  
Watch above his head ;  
Mother's kneeling praying, praying,  
Faith without alloy,  
Eyes uplifted, saying, saying,  
"Father, keep my boy!"

---

Two scarlet cheeks are burning, burning  
With a fevered glow,  
Mother's boy is turning, turning,  
Restless, to and fro ;  
Mother's heart is crying, crying,  
With a pathos wild—  
While her boy is dying, dying—  
"Father, save my child!"

---

Mother's eyes are aching, aching,  
Tears refuse to flow,  
Mother's heart is breaking, breaking  
With a speechless woe ;

Mother's soul is weary, weary,  
Life's a broken thread;  
All the world is dreary, dreary,  
Mother's boy is dead.

*MY SOUL IS ALONE.*

MY soul is alone, though my fellows may stand  
Around me as closely as shells on the strand;  
Though laughter may ring and the world glow  
with light,  
My soul is alone in a chaos of night.

My soul is alone, though fond friendship may clasp  
My cold trembling hand in sweet sympathy's grasp,  
Though the eyes of compassion with tear-drops  
may glow,  
My soul is alone in its fathomless woe.

My soul is alone, though the robins may sing,  
And the meadows be bright with the blossoms of  
spring;  
Though the dews and the showers may gladden  
the land,  
My soul is alone in a desert of sand.

My soul is alone, and my heart throbs in vain,  
For no heart-throb responds to its pitiless pain ;  
So, buried alive in an ocean of gloom,  
My soul is alone with its grief in the tomb.

*A SONNET FOR YOU.*

I DID not dream that I could miss you so ;  
But when I took your hand and said good-bye,  
With smiling lips that gave my heart the lie,  
Then, masking all my sorrow, turned to go ;  
From my poor little world the mellow glow  
Of twilight fled, and from the darkening sky,  
The stars were one by one snatched ruthlessly,  
And flung into the sea of night below.  
And now, my evening star's one ray of hope—  
The sweet companionship where hearts unite,  
Of these, fond memories alone remain ;  
While in the dark my stumbling soul must grope,  
Striving in vain to find the cheering light,  
That will not shine until we meet again.

*A SENTIMENT.*

A LOVELESS life — a starless night,  
Without one cheering ray of light  
Its darkness to illumine ;  
A barren tree, — a flowerless June, —  
A plaintive song without a tune, —  
A rose without perfume.

ECHOES OF MERRIMENT.



*IN JUNE.*

I AM a maiden all forlorn,  
Left quite out in the cold,  
For matrimonial marketing  
Men deem me rather old,  
But when the gossips ask my age,  
I always sing one tune,  
I smile my sweetest smile and say,  
I'm just sixteen in June.

Some silver threads are growing  
In my raven locks, I know,  
And the lines upon my temples  
Look like foot-prints of the crow,  
And these would indicate that I  
Am getting toward life's noon,  
But my young heart keeps repeating,  
I'm just sixteen in June.

Long years ago, I had a beau,  
A noble, darling boy,  
But then I played the bashful maid,  
So very shy and coy;  
And when he proposed to me, I said,  
“Augustus Charles Bethune,  
You know I am too young to wed,—  
I’m just sixteen in June,”

So then Augustus went away,  
And never did come back;  
And shortly afterwards, I heard  
He’d married Sally Black;  
But if e’er another fellow pops,  
I won’t be such a loon,  
For I’ll nestle on his breast and say,  
We’ll marry, love, in June.

*ONLY.*

ONLY a Georgy mule,  
Relieved of his wearisome load,  
With never a thought of harm,  
Feeding beside the road.

Only a little boy,  
Playing a frolicsome trick,  
Carefully coming behind,  
Tickles the mule with a stick.

Only a shapeless mass,  
Flying aloft through the air,  
Where is the little boy?  
Echo respondeth, "where?"

Only a little grave,  
With mourners weeping around;  
Only a funeral show,  
For the body was never found.

*POETICAL COURTSHIP.*

SOME years ago, in an Eastern town,  
There lived a girl named Susan Brown,  
Who, through the country, up and down,  
Obtained considerable renown.  
Not for any special grace  
Of intellect, or form, or face ;  
For certainly it would be vain,  
To deny that she was extremely plain.  
Her form was remarkably short and stout,  
Her complexion was like a speckled trout,  
Her eyes were the color of well-skimmed milk,  
And her hair like a snarl of crimson silk,  
Tinged with the vivid tint that lies  
In the glowing autumn sunset skies ;  
In fact, so red, I've heard it said,  
That often in the night, it shed  
Upon the darkness such a glow,  
The roosters all began to crow.

For, seeing the light shine out in the night,  
So exceedingly red, and uncommonly bright,  
The birds (which isn't at all surprising,)  
Supposed, of course, the sun was rising,  
And so they crowed with all their might.

But Susan had one saving grace,  
Aside from mind, or form, or face ;  
For every one in the village knew  
Her paternal parent was rich as a Jew ;  
In fact, possessed of a million or two ;  
And so, each impecunious bach'  
Thought, for a matrimonial match,  
Susan would make a most elegant catch.

Now, in the self-same village, where  
Dwelt the heiress of this millionaire,  
There lived a youth surpassing fair,  
With coal-black eyes, and raven hair,  
Named, Charles Augustus James St. Clair ;  
His accomplishments were many and rare,  
And he bore himself with a courtly air,  
Which a modern school-girl would declare,

Was quite *distingue*, and *militaire*.  
And as far as anyone could see,  
Only a single fault had he,  
Which was impecuniosity ;  
For the truth must be told,  
That, in silver and gold,  
Like Mr. Lazzarus of old,  
He was as poor as poor could be ;  
Poor as a pauper, without a cent ;  
Poor as a church-mouse — during Lent ;  
Or even poorer still than that,  
Poor as a country parsonage rat.

Yet, despite his poverty, all the same,  
This youth with the euphonious name,  
Declared his soul was all aflame  
With a passion which no power could tame,  
For the girl with the golden hair and fame ;  
And when the village gossips came  
And whispered slyly in his ear  
That Susan Brown was rather queer,  
Or, when some envious maiden said  
That Susan's temper, like her head,

Was a perfect snarl, and a fiery red,  
He only smiled his blandest smile,  
(Childlike it seemed, though full of guile,)  
And snapped his fingers at their warning,  
And all their sage advices scorning,  
Declared that he would woo and win her,  
Although "Old Nick" himself were in her.

Alas ! my muse must here proclame,  
That, in the matrimonial game,  
'Tis often wealth, not worth, that wins,  
For gold we see, like charity,  
Can hide a multitude of sins.

But to resume ; one Sabbah night,  
When moon and stars were shining bright,  
Our Charles Augustus James St. Clair  
Arrayed himself with special care,  
In a broadcloth suit, glossy and new,  
(For which he had paid with an L. O. U.)  
And sallied forth to meet the maid  
On whom his future hopes were staid,  
Determined, without more debate,

That night he would decide his fate.

And silently wandering on his way,  
And carefully pondering what to say,  
He framed a speech brim full of lies,  
Such as we know all ladies prize,  
Of features fair, and glossy hair,  
And mental graces rich and rare,  
And ruby lips, and sparkling eyes.

And being æsthetic, and somewhat poetic,  
And having a voice that was very magnetic,  
He arranged a chime of pleasing rhyme,  
Which he meant to recite at the proper time,  
In a style that should be extremely pathetic.

Precisely at the hour of eight  
He entered at the garden gate,  
And Susan met him at the door,  
While a welcome smile her features wore,  
Which made the young man feel much more  
Encouraged than he'd been before.

Together, side by side they sat,  
And engaged awhile in friendly chat  
About the weather and things like that,  
Till our hero thought the time was pat  
For him to test the lady's heart  
With his declamatory art.

So, with what composure he could command,  
He gently took the lady's hand,  
While his right arm sought her waist, but  
    he found  
That it wouldn't go more than half way round,  
So, changing his tactics, he softly pressed  
Her glowing head to his manly breast,  
And began, with a lofty rhetorical flight,  
His poetic tale of love to recite.

But alas! his frail, rhyme-laden boat  
Refused on memory's sea to float;  
For he got no further than : "Dear Miss Brown,"  
When he found his speech turned upside down,  
While the words lay criss-cross in his brain,  
Like trees just after a hurricane ;

And he grew perplexed, and exceedingly vexed,  
Like a Parson who has forgotten his text,  
To know what the dickens he ought to say next.  
But well he knew it would never do  
To stop his speech until he was through,  
So, trusting to luck, he blundered ahead,  
And these are about the words he said :

“O, radiant, fair and beautiful Miss,  
Thine azure lips were made to kiss!  
And a very world of meaning, lies  
In the golden depths of your glossy eyes,  
While your ruby hair, so sparkling bright,  
Shines on my path like a beacon light,—”  
But there he stopped, as well he might,  
For in a rage the lady rose,  
And with one hand seized his classic nose,  
While the nails of the other plowed the skin  
Of his cheek, from the temple to the chin ;  
And she yelled in his affrighted ear,  
In a voice most terrible to hear :  
“I’ll teach you, you base, ill-mannered bear,

To be making light of my auburn hair!"

And then she gave his ears a box,  
And madly tore his raven locks,  
Till he rent the skies with his piercing cries,  
While tears of an enormous size  
Rolled down in torrents from his eyes.

But at length, by an effort of wild despair,  
(And depriving his head of a handful of hair,)  
He managed away from her grasp to tear,  
And without an adieu, away he flew  
At a galloping pace, which I tell you  
Would rival Tam O'Shanter's mare.

Now, the watch-dog saw the flying man,  
As down the garden walk he ran,  
And, with a natural belief  
That he was an escaping thief,  
Pursued him to the garden wall,  
Where, never slacking his speed at all  
With one wild leap he left the ground,  
And cleared the wall at a single bound;  
But alas! as he went, he left beneath,

The tail of his coat in the watch-dog's teeth  
And then, and there, in that terrible tear,  
Ended forever the love affair  
Between the gallant young St. Clair,  
And the girl with the very auburn hair.

MORAL.

Young men, whenever you go to propose,  
Pray be contented with simple prose;  
For, if you attempt to appear sublime,  
By putting your sentiments into rhyme,  
You'r sure to get muddled every time,  
And ten to one you'll loose your bride,  
And perhaps the tail of your coat beside.

*"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."*

IT might have been— ah ! so it might,  
But that is neither here nor there ;  
It is not, and therefore I write,  
I do not care,  
A hair.

It might have been— so I awake  
To find my hopes a dream, and yet,  
I will not jump into the lake,  
And so get wet,  
You bet.

It might have been— but as a rule,  
Experience only serves to show  
That one was but a stupid fool  
To wish it so,  
You know.

Then farewell that which might have been,  
For milk that's spilled I will not cry,  
But hail the sentence from your pen  
Without a sigh,  
Bye-bye !

*HARRY'S REPLY.*

(SUGGESTED BY THE POEM, "SHADOWS.")

AH! yes, I remember, Margery,  
How we stood by the meadow bars,  
And watched as the young night sprinkled  
The sky with her glittering stars;  
I remember the bright red clover,  
And the balmy air of June,  
The crickets that chirped in the grasses,  
While the rays of the silvery moon

Drew our shadows on the meadow,  
Distorted, and lank and lean;  
My shadow was kissing your shadow,  
And it made me feel powerful mean;  
For, 'twas only the shadows were kissing,  
And although one shadow was mine,  
I soon found that the bliss of such bussing  
Was nothing but mere moonshine.

If I had only been older and bolder,  
When we mutually vowed to be true,  
And instead of watching those shadows,  
Had bravely and squarely kissed you,  
I should not so soon have forgotten  
The gold of your flowing curls,  
And married the cross-eyed widow,  
With her dozen of grown-up girls.

But the widow was older than we were,  
And, by her experience, knew  
That the kissing of moonlight shadows,  
For lovers, would never do ;  
So we sat side by side on the sofa,  
In the glare of a chandelier,  
And the smack we gave at our trothing,  
'Twould have done your soul good to hear.

You too have grown older and wiser,  
And I'll wager a silver spoon,  
That the man you have lately been kissing,  
Is not the man in the moon ;

And the voice that is dearer than Harry's,  
Is the voice of one, I suppose,  
Who has recently planted his mustache  
On those lips that rival the rose.

But, since you are contented and happy,  
And have no cause to repine  
At the lot which Fate has decreed you,  
I'll try and not grumble at mine ;  
For this we both seem to agree in,  
That it's better for you and for me,  
That I married the cross-eyed widow,  
Instead of Margery Lee.

*LUTE AND LYRE.*

BENEATH the window of my love  
I stood, bathed in the moonlight's glow,  
And softly on my lute, I played  
A serenade in *tremolo*.  
With hesitating voice I sang,  
"Fair Maid, I love you as my life!  
And sad will be my destiny  
If you refuse to be my wife."

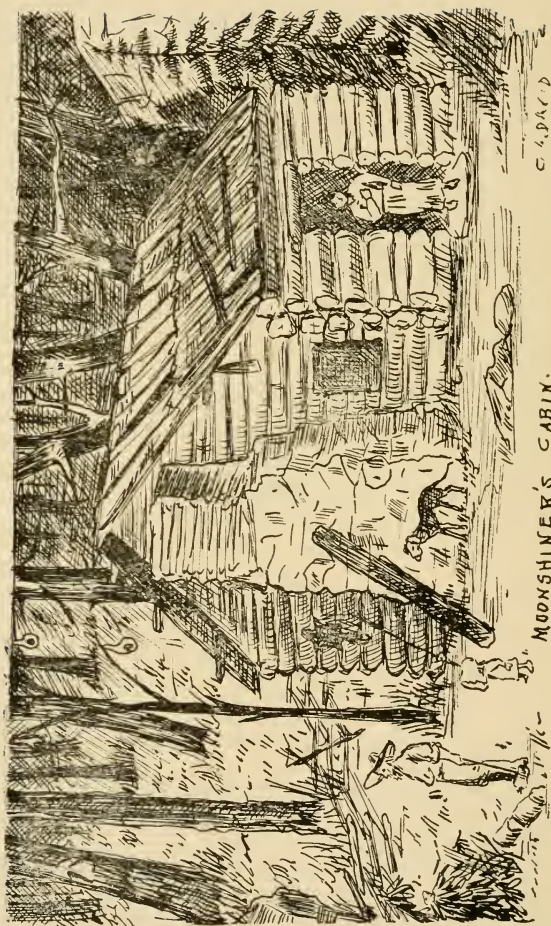
Next night another wooer came,  
With instrument of strange design,  
And from its strings, with skillful touch,  
Drew strains that seemed almost divine;  
"Light of my soul," he boldly sang,  
"I love you more than life or Heaven,  
And surely I shall pine and die,  
If from its light my soul is riven."

The bold musician won the maid,  
While I in loneliness remain ;  
And often, of the cruel Fates,  
I've asked the reason why, in vain ;  
But now alas ! I know full well  
The cause of my disaster dire,  
*I* serenaded with a lute,  
My crafty rival, with a lyre.



MOUNTAIN ECHOES.

IN DIALECT.



MOONSHINER'S CABIN.

C. A. DAVIS

*THE MOONSHINER'S GREETING.*

H E I L O ! stranger, who be you ?  
Officer of the revenue ?  
Reckon not, but if you be,  
Here's a hint I'll give you free —  
Turn about your hosses' tail,  
Take the back track down the trail,  
Pike for home a-fore your wife  
Gits th' inshurence on your life.

We-uns here must live, you know,  
Them chaps don't give us no show ;  
So we reckon that it's right  
To meet them revenues with fight,  
An', stranger, fightin' hain't no fun  
When we git keerless with a gun.

But if you've come here to see  
What city chaps call scenery,

Take the trail to yander peak,  
Thar you'll find the thing you seek ;  
You can git from that one spot,  
Finest views that Georgy's got ;  
North or South, or East or West,  
Can't tell which one is the best ;  
Ridge on ridge the mountains rise,  
Blue tops kissin' of the skies,  
And the vallies in between,  
Shinin' with the brightest green.

You'll be hongry gittin' back,  
Then we'll have a little snack ;  
Hain't got no great shakes up here,  
But you're welcome to a sheer ;  
Pone of corn bread, smokin' hot,  
Coffee from the ole tin pot,  
Bacon, jest a slice or two,  
Then a drap of mountain dew,  
Mountain dew which, I tell you,  
Hain't paid nary revenue.  
If you'd like to spend the night,

We kin fix you up all right ;  
Hain't got but one room you see,  
Ole ooman, Sal, an' Jake an' me,  
But as long as thar's a floor  
We'll make a place for jest one more.  
But if you're nosin' roun' this hill  
To smell out someone's moonshine still,  
I won't orate any more,  
But say that same I said before ;  
Turn about your hosses' tail,  
Take the back track down the trail,  
Or ole Jake won't guarantee  
What may happen, don't you see ?

*THE CITY CHOIR DUET.*

I'VE be'n down to the city, wife, an' staid a week  
or more,  
An' thar I seed a heep o' things I never seen a-fore,  
But I want mos' perticular, to tell you 'bout a toon  
I heerd a city choir sing, on Sunday a'ternoon.

You know when we war boys an' gals, they had  
preachin' Sunday night  
In the little ole log meetin'-house, at airly can'le-  
light ;  
An' when it come to singin' hymns, accordin' to  
my tas'e,  
You war the captain as a tribble, an' me tol'able on  
bass.

So I jest as't a chap I met as I war strollin' roum',  
Whar they had the prttest music of any meetin'-  
house in town?

An' he p'inted to a buildin' with a steeple, I declar',  
Mos' as high, an' twice as peaked as ole Sharp  
Top over there.

A feller took me to a seat, way back agin' the wall,  
I 'spose so I could see the mos' 'thout turnin'  
roun' at all,  
An' I thought how mighty clever them 'are city  
chaps mus' be,  
To study the convenience of a mount'ineer like me.

Well, I wasn't long to take the hint, but jest sot  
thar an' gazed  
At the queer an' purty fixin's, till I grew so sort  
o' dazed,  
That I r'ally eenamost begun to wonder if I had  
Somehow walked right into Heaven, 'thout know-  
in' I war dead.

The big, high winders that they had, to let the  
daylight through,  
War made of queer-shaped little glasses, colored  
yaller, red an' blue ;

An' the eeilin' war all frigereeed, or whatever 'tis  
they call  
That 'ar sort of figger paintin' that they put onto  
the wall.

The choir sot up in a loft where everyone could see,  
An' the orgin up behind 'em war the queerest thing  
to me  
For I vow that it war 'bout as big as this 'ere  
cabin here,  
An' the chap that played onto't,—I think they  
called the orgineer.

When the folks had ariv' an sot down, the orgineer  
Played a perlimentary toon, they called a volunteer,  
Then he give a little signal for the choir to begin,  
When they all riz in their places, an' together  
started in.

For a while it seemed to me that they war singing  
of a race,  
First the alter with the tribble, then the tenor with  
the bass ;

Then the alter bass an' trible, started a three-cornered song,

Till bimeby the tenor humped hisself, an' holp the thing along.

Then they all stopped but tne trible, an' she begun to sail,

With her demer-semer-quaverin', all up an' down the scale,

Till the twistin's an' giratin's of her vocal acrobets,  
'Minded me of circus fellers, turnin' double summersets.

Then the singin' stopped a minute, while the orgineer, he played

A toon so melancholy like, I sw'ar, it fairly made,  
In spite of all that I could do, two little streams of brine,

Come gushin' from the corners of these tough ole eyes o' mine.

Then the tenor an' the trible started in on a duet,

An' talk of soothin' music, that war soothin' you  
kin bet ;  
For it war as soft an' tender as the gentle moun-  
t'in breeze,  
That of a summer evenin' goes a soughin' through  
the trees.

An' the longer they kept singin', the more sooth-  
in'er it got,  
Till they come to taper off the eend, an' then you  
see, I sot  
An' shet my eyes an' listened, till I r'ally thought  
Marier,  
The very angels had come down an' j'ined that  
city choir.

Now, I don't go much on golden streets, for't  
kinder seems to me,  
That sich pavin' stuns an' these ole feet won't  
mos'ly jest agree ;  
An' as for playin' hymns an' psalms on golden  
harps, good laws !

My hands 'ud be as clumsy as a pair o' lobster's  
claws.

But when the time has come at last, for me to take  
the trail

To the yan side of the mount'in, from this subler-  
nary vale !

An' I walk up sort o' tremblin', an' present myself  
before

The angel that's app'inted to tote the keys to heav-  
en's door,

If he should grant to let me in to everlastin' bliss,  
An' offer me my ruther thar, I'll only ask for this—  
Through all th' indurin' ages of eternity, to set  
An' listen while the angles sing that city choir duet.

### *THE OPERA ENCORE.*

SAY, FELLERS, I war down to town about a  
week ago,  
An' a city chap I knowed as't me to go an' see the  
show ;  
Twar a sort o' singin' circus that they called an  
operar,  
An' a gal named Miss Ma-dam-a-selle war playin'  
as the star.

When we went up to the show-house, about eight  
o'clock at night,  
All the inside of the buildin' war in sich a blaze  
o' light,  
An' so crowded full o' people that it nearly turned  
my mind,  
An' I had to shet my eyes awhile to keep from  
goin' blind.

The women folks war dressed up mighty fine, ex-  
ceptin' jest a few,  
That sot up in sort o' cages, right in everybody's  
view ;  
I reckon they war Venuses, or some sich folks as  
those,  
They war so white an' stattoo like, an' pow'rful  
scant o' clothes.

The musicianers, they played awhile, an' then the  
curt'in riz,  
An' the sight I saw upon the stage jest set my  
brain a-whiz ;  
A lot o' fellers toggled out in fancy-colored frocks,  
While the dresses of the gals, it 'peared to me war  
mostly socks.

This war what they called the chorus, an' they  
danced an' sung a spell,  
An' then went marchin' off the stage, an' Miss  
Ma-dam-a-selle,  
With her lover chap came in an' sung a sort o'  
seesaw song,

First the one an' then the other, jest a-bmpin' 'er  
along.

Then they had a sort o' huggin' match, an' a kind  
o' kissin' spree,  
Till another chap came rushin' in, as mad as he  
could be,  
An' drew his sword, an' made a lunge to git that  
lover's gore,  
When the gal she fainted plumb away, an' tum-  
bled on the floor.

Right at this p'int the curt'in fell, an' the people  
clapped an' cheered,  
An' raised the durnedest racket that my ears had  
ever heerd,  
Till I as't my pardner what they meant by sich a  
blamed uproar,  
“Why,” he said, “the playin' war so fine they  
wanted an encore.”

So bimeby the curt'in riz ag'in, an' Miss Ma-dam-  
a-selle,

Came a-bowin' an' a-smilin', while the music  
played a spell,  
Then she sung a song of "Home, Sweet Home,"  
so tenderly an' low,  
That I thought one of the heavenly choir war  
travlin' with that show.

Now I reckon, fellers, you may think that I'm  
a-tellin' lies,  
But I'll sw'ar that music brought the tears a-  
steammin' from my eyes,  
For her voice jest seemed to reach my heart, and  
wind itself around,  
So tremblin', soft an' silky, like a spider web of  
sound.

An' whlie I sot thar an' listened, like someone in  
a dream,  
I seemed to hear the ripplin' water, in yander  
mount'in stream,  
The rustle of the autumn leaves, the murmur of  
the breeze,

An' the warblin' of the robins in the brnaches of  
the trees.

Then a picter riz before me, of this log cabin here,  
Whar I've lived on corn an' bacon for nigh onto  
sixty year,  
But while I war a-lisnin' to that little show-gal  
sing,  
I wouldn't traded this ole cabin for the palace of  
a king.

But when at last the singin' ended, I pulled my  
pardner's sleeve,  
An' told him that I reckoned it war time for me  
to leave,  
For my soul war runnin' over with the music of  
that song,  
An' I wanted to git out o' doors an' carry it along.

An' ever sence that evenin', when the sun is  
sinkin' low,  
While the summit of ole Sharp Top thar, shines  
with its dyin' glow,

I bow my head an' listen, till I almost seem to  
hear

The music of that same sweet song a-ringin' in  
my ear.

An' I'll tell you fellers, when my time to leave  
this world has come,

If I should git a ticket to the new Jerusalum,

All I'll ask, is jest for standin' room, way back  
agin' the door,

To hear that show-gal's angel sing, "Sweet Home"  
forevermore.

*HOW THE FIDDLE SUNG.*

SAY, boys, you know that city chap that's be'n  
a-totin' me around,  
To see all sorts of sights an' hear most every kind  
of sound?

Well, when I war in town last week he tuck me  
out ag'in,

To hear a high-toned fiddler chap play on the  
violin,—

Leastwise, I think they called it some sich high-  
ferlutin name,

But good Lord, 'twar nothin' but an ole red fiddle  
all the same,—

Howsomever, if you chaps had heerd that fiddle  
sing, you'd swore

You never heerd no instrumunt could sing like  
that, before.

The fiddler came onto the stage with a knowin'  
kind o' smile,  
An' stood a-strokin' an' a-pattn' that ole fiddle for  
awhile,  
Like it war a livin' critter, that could feel an' un-  
derstand,  
A silent language he war talkin' by the techin' of  
his hand.  
Then he put it to his shoulder, an' then he laid  
his chin,  
In a sort of a caressin' way, down on that violin,  
For all the world jest like a child 'ud lay its head  
to rest,  
On the soft an' soothin' piller of a lovin' mother's  
breast ;  
Then he shet his eyes a minute, in a dozy kind  
o' way,  
Like 'twar night, an' he war jest a-goin' to fiddle  
in the day,  
While I follered suit, an' shet mine too, for music  
allus 'pears  
To give me a queerish sort o' sense of seein' with  
my ears.

Then the fiddler went to fiddlin', kind o' lazy like  
an' slow,  
An' the strings began to whisper with a music  
sweet an' low,  
As if they couldn't help from singin', but sung  
quiet like, to keep  
From wakin' up the dreamin' world too sudden'  
from its sleep.  
Then purty soon I seemed to see a sort o' misty  
light,  
Creepin' slowly up the eastern sky, an' pushin'  
back the night:  
The birds begun to twitter in a hesitatin' style,  
Experimentin' like to see if it was wuth their while,  
But when bimeby the summits of the ole Blue  
Ridge, begun  
To show the ravelin's of light around the edges  
of the sun,  
Why, the whole indurin' chorus jest turned in  
with a vim,  
An' sot the world rejoicin' with their airly mornin'  
hymn,

While the fiddler drew the music from them fiddle-strings so fine,  
That doggone me if I didn't think I heerd the  
sunbeams shine.

Then I seed two lovers courtin' in the shadder of  
a tree,  
An' they war jest about as spoony as lovers ever  
git to be ;  
I seed 'em whisperin' secret like, 'bout t'other,  
that an' this,  
An' their heads kept drawin' cluser, till bimeby I  
heerd a kiss,—  
Not one o' them as pops out with a sudden plunk  
an' thud,  
Like a mule a-pullin' of his foot from ole No'th-  
Georgy mud,  
But a lingerin'-sweetness-long-drawn-outish kind  
o' kiss, you know,  
Like the feller'd tuck a pow'rful holt, an' couldn't  
let 'er go ;  
It sounded like a whip-lash, jest before you hear  
'er crack,

But it lasted rather longer, an' ended with a smack  
That made my ole lip tingle with the very sort  
o' fire,  
That ust to tickle 'em sometimes, when I war  
courtin' of Marier.

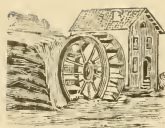
Then the fiddler give the tune a turn, an' I seed  
a black cloud rise,  
Like a widder's vail unrollin' o'er the bright face  
of the skies,  
The wind turned in to howlin' like a risin' har-  
ricane,  
The birds left off their singin', an' it begun to rain,  
The lovers took to kivver, for lovers, you kin bet,  
Are a-most like other critters, 'bout gittin' hungry,  
cold or wet;  
I seed the lightnin' blazin', an' I heerd the thunder  
crash,  
An' for awhile it seemed as if the world 'ud go to  
smash,—  
But jest thar the music changed ag'in, the black  
cloud rolled away,

An' left the sky jest curtained with a dismal sort  
o' gray ;  
The wind came sighin' through the trees with sich  
a lonesome sound,  
That I felt as if there warn't another livin' soul  
around.  
Then a church bell went to tollin' for a spirit that  
had fled,  
An' somehow, you see, I scemed to know a little  
child war dead ;  
I seed an open grave, an' a baby's coffin settin'  
thar,  
I heerd a mother cryin' while the Parson said his  
pray'r,  
Then the sexton war a-lowerin' the coffin in the  
ground,  
An' I heerd the dirt fall on it with a dull, heart-  
sicknin' sound ;  
An' that fiddle war a-singin' sich an agonizin'  
strain,  
That it seemed as if the universe war moanin'  
with its pain ;

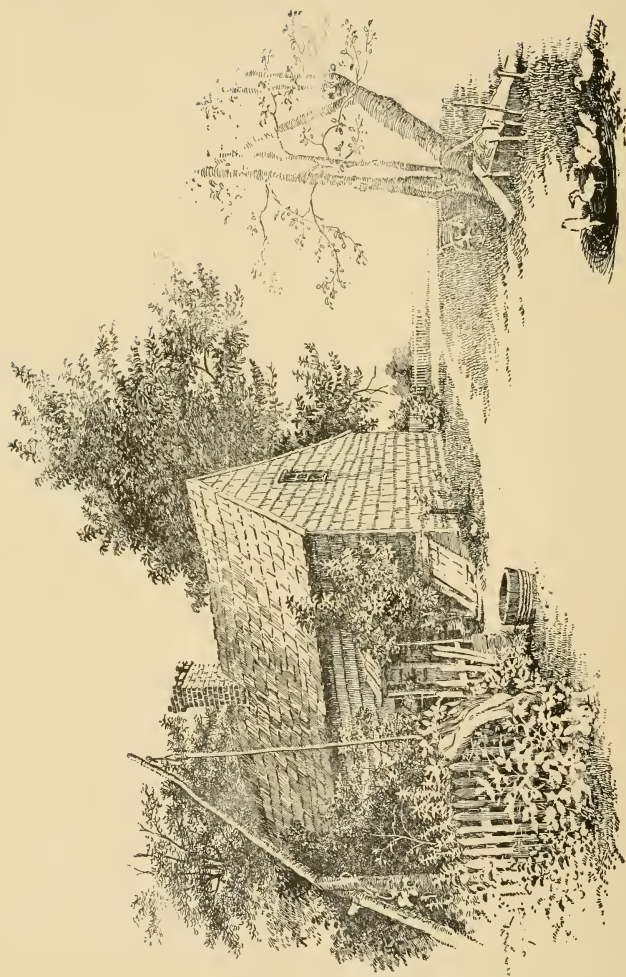
All creation turned to weepin' an' I could a-swore,  
you know,  
That I seed the tears a-drappin' from that quiv-  
erin' fiddle bow,  
While the crowd that sot thar listenin', jest gasped  
an' held their breath,  
Till the music in that fiddle, sobbed an' sobbed  
itself to death,  
An' the world went into mournin', as its spirit riz  
on high,  
To go forever an' forever, serenadin' through the  
sky.

An' I'll bet my bottom dollar, if that choir around  
the throne,  
Should ever ketch the echo of that wanderin'  
spirit's tone,  
They'll hush their song awhile, an' give their  
golden harps a rest,  
While from every chamber winder in the man-  
sions of the blest,  
A bouqut of angel heads 'll be a-stretchin' out to  
hear

The music of that serenade ring through the heav-  
enly sp'ere.  
An' if them cherubs ever learn what instrument  
on earth,  
Sung the airy mornin' anthem at that serenader's  
birth,  
I reckon that for once they'll do a powerful hu-  
man thing,  
For they'll envy every cuss that's heerd that ole  
red fiddle sing.



AN ECHO FROM THE OLD FARM.



*WHEN THE HONEYMOON IS OVER.*

WELL, John, you've be'n a-tellin' me you're  
    goin' to leave us soon,  
To take a little weddin' trip, and spend the  
    honeymoon ;  
So I guess you're happy as a lark that sings the  
    whole day through,  
And I reckon you've got no idee of ever feelin  
    blue ;  
But, my boy, I went that road myself, nigh forty  
    year ago,  
And I got acquainted with some things that mebbe  
    you don't know ;  
So jest lemme give you some few p'int, about the  
    outs and ins,  
When the honeymoon is over, and the humdrum  
    life begins.

Them poets say, that lovers most allus sometimes  
thinks they hears  
Their own little world revolv'in' to the music of  
the spheres,  
All nater's full o' melody, from the whistle of the  
breeze,  
To the warblin' of the little birds, and hummin'  
of the bees ;  
But when their ways begin to clash, and things  
don't kind o' june,  
'That same world some how or other gits to playin'  
out o' tune,  
And their ears become familiar with the discords  
and the dins,  
When the honeymoon is over, and the humdrum  
life begins.

Your wife won't be an angel, John, and if she was,  
I fear  
You'd make the most ongainliest match, to work  
in double gear ;

So, when you're travlin' side by side, if she  
shouldn't ketch your pace,  
Don't you begin to rear and balk, nor kick and  
bust a trace ;  
But through all the journey's ups and downs, jest  
make allowance due.  
For the various imperfections human nater's sub-  
ject to,  
And you'll find that sort of management most  
generally wins,  
When the honeymoon is over, and the humdrum  
life begins.

The matrimonial turnpike, John, has got some  
hills to climb,  
And colts in double harness won't pull together  
every time ;  
And your double-seated keerrige, though bran-  
spang new and slick,  
Won't most allus jog along the road without a  
hitch or click ;

You may try and keep the axles 'iled, and the  
gearin' all screwed tight,  
And you'll ruther guess the vehicle 'll make the  
trip all right ;  
But you're bound to hear the clatterin' of loos-  
ened bolts and pins,  
When the honeymoon is over, and the humdrum  
life begins.

The fallow field o' life, my boy's, chock full o'  
stums and stumps,  
And every laborer's got to take his share of  
thumps and bumps ;  
For the critters will git fractionous like, and you  
can calculate,  
You'll frequent' find it powerful hard to plough  
your furrer streight ;  
Then, when the hayin' time comes on, you'll be  
mighty apt to fret,  
And complain of Providence because the clover's  
gittin' wet ;

But that's jest the time to fight agin' your most  
besettin' sins,  
When the honeymoon is over, and the humdrum  
life begins.

So, my son, when you've been all day long, a-  
workin' out o' doors,  
Till you have to use the lantern-light to do your  
evenin' chores,  
Then you come in tired and hungry, and set down  
to wait for tea,  
With your coat flung on a cheer post and one  
foot up on your knee ;  
Don't look sour because your little wife ain't quite  
as spruce and neat  
As when you sot and courted her on that ole rus-  
tic seat ;  
But remember, she must wrassle with the kittles  
and the tins,  
When the honeymoon is over, and the humdrum  
life begins.

I suppose you kin remember, how you used to  
    spend your cash,  
Jest to git your sweetheart keromils and every  
    sich-like trash ;  
Then you never reckoned the expense, and if she'd  
    only smile,  
And jest put her little hand in your'n and leave it  
    there awhile ;  
You grew so soft and meller like, you vowed your  
    very life  
Would be a stingy price to pay for sich a darlin'  
    wife ;  
So don't grumble now, at what she spends for needles,  
    thread and pins,  
When the honeymoon is over, and the humdrum  
    life begins.

But, my boy, you allus make a little sweetheart of  
    your wife,  
And be her tender lover through all the changin'  
    scenes of life ;

Try and help her bear her burdens, and you'll find  
your'n lighter too,  
And her smile when storm-clouds gather'll be like  
sunshine peekin' through ;  
And all along the toilsome journey, clean to the  
very end  
Make her your partner and companion, and confi-  
dential friend ;  
Then you'll find that little wife o' your'n is heav-  
en's richest boon,  
For she'll make the humdrum of your life, a life-  
long honeymoon.







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